

Six Days in a Swamp

By T. C. BRIDGES

The author and three friends arranged a pleasure-trip down a Florida river from a canoe to meet a motor launch. The motor launch was to be a party to the expedition was that they got hopelessly lost in a vast swamp, and underwent many tribulations ere they finally reached civilization.

It was simply because no one had ever before rowed down the river from source to mouth that we were so keen to make the attempt. It may sound odd to most people's ears to talk of rowing from the source of a river; but Florida rivers are very different from others. As a rule, they rise full-fledged from the limestone rock—great, boiling, gushing fountains of transparent water of such volume that in some cases it is actually possible to run a stern-wheel steamboat to the very pool in which they appear.

The Wekiva River rises in this way, but Altamonte Spring, which is its source, is a comparatively small one, and when we lifted our eighteen-foot cat-boat from the wagon we had serious doubts as to whether she would fit into the little pool at all.

But there was no choosing our launching spot. The spring was the only place where we could reach the water, for beyond it the river plunged at once into thick "hammock" (hard-wood forest) and was lost to view. It was Hobson's choice, and after much manuevering the boat slid down the steep bank and floated like a cork in the centre of the bubbling pool.

We centred our goods aboard and jumped after them. A shouted goodbye to our negro teamster and we were off.

There were four of us who started on that lovely March morning. Three—Franks, Myers, and Marshall—were Americans; the fourth, your humble servant, an English orange-grower. Our idea was to make a very pleasant little picnic of the expedition. Twelve miles below Altamonte Spring another river, the Clay Springs Run, joined the Wekiva. Five miles up the Run was a settlement where we had friends. We meant to make this place the first night, sleep there, and start refreshed next morning for the mouth of the Wekiva, where it joins the St. John's. The latter part of the journey we reckoned we could do in two days, making three in all. How sadly mistaken we were in our calculations we were to discover to our cost.

The first part of our journey was distinctly exciting. The stream, far too narrow for rowing, ran deep and swift in a series of the very sharpest curves—so sharp that, in spite of the best efforts of the man in the bow, the boat constantly charged the high bank in a bull-headed fashion, which half filled her with foam and leaves and made her occupants sit down with emphatic bumps and still more emphatic language.

Suddenly there loomed up a dead trunk, lying right across the river from bank to bank. There was nothing for it but to cut through the obstacle. Myers sprang out with an axe, and the chips flew in a white shower.

So did the ants. The half-rotten wood was the home of hordes of large red ants, which bit like fiends. Before the boat could be pulled clear she was swarming with the fierce little warriors, and long after the trunk had parted and the boat had passed on its way we were busy picking ants off ourselves and sweeping them overboard.

For some hours this sort of thing went on, the river gradually growing in size, but still too narrow and crooked for rowing. Sometimes a log had to be cut through; sometimes it was necessary to life the boat over a half-submerged trunk. The banks were high and heavily wooded and the sunlight glittered down through a tracery of delicate foliage. The trees were all hardwood—live oak, water oak, bastard oak, bay, red gum, and magnolia, the latter forest giants sixty feet high and filling the air with scent from white blooms the size of dinner-plates.

Soon after luncheon—a scratch receipt of biscuits, cheese and peach cobbler—the boat suddenly left the hammock and glided into the mazes of a great saw-grass swamp.

Saw-grass is a purely Florida product. Ten to twelve feet from root to summit, its blades are grey-green in color, wide and stiff, with serrated edges which cut abominably. Nothing short of an alligator can penetrate it; its great height and thickness make it impossible to force a boat through it. It covers hundreds of square miles in South Florida, and many a life has been lost in its tangled recesses.

In the saw-grass the river spread out into a maze of shallow channels, and here our troubles began. We tried one after another, and over and over again grounded on the mud-bank alleys and were forced to return blind.

Once we drove the boat hard aground. The bottom was fair yellow sand. Myers and Marshall pulled off their boots and sprang overboard to lift her. Instantly they were both up to their knees and sinking fast. We in the boat had to pull like grim death to haul them out of the patch of treacherous quicksand which they had happened on. Fortunately, by the use of our mast we managed to pole the boat back into water that would float it.

The sun was low before the dark green heads of cypresses loomed above the tall vegetation. In another ten minutes we had left the grass behind us, and with two men at the oars were pulling down a deep, placid creek between two rows of giant cypress trees.

The place had a curious resemblance to the aisle of a great cathedral. The floor, placid brown water, the columns, giant grey trunks rising many feet before showing a branch; overhead great limbs with heavy intermingled foliage formed a magnificent-arched roof. To add to the illusion, long trails of grey Spanish moss hung motionless in the breathless air, giving the appearance of tattered banners depending from the vault above.

From the bases of the monstrous trunks huge knees and buttresses extended far out into the water, gnarled and twisted into a thousand fantastic shapes, and curiously resembling those peculiar rocks seen where a lava stream has met salt water.

Here we saw for the first time what was later to prove our worst enemy, that curious weed the water-lettuce. The top of the water-lettuce bears an exact resemblance to its garden namesake, but below is a huge mass of roots. It floats on the water, and gliding gently down the sluggish current until it meets some obstruction, gathers in huge rafts, which finally block the whole stream from bank to bank. These rafts rest, and upon them grow forests of other weeds, until at last the river is entirely hidden.

It was growing late. There was now no longer any hope of reaching the Clay Springs Settlement that night. We realized that we should have to camp. But where? That was the question, for there was no longer any solid land to camp on. On either side lay miles of impenetrable swamp, deep black liquid mud, tangled creepers, and rotting vegetation; the only inhabitants alligators, snakes and turtles.

Every one was longing for a cup of hot coffee, so we landed on a great cypress buttress and lit a fire. Alas for our hopes of hot supper! The water was just beginning to boil when the buttress, which was hollow, burnt through, and fire and kettle together fell hissing into the black water below. Worse still, the cypress trunk itself took fire, and we had to shear off rapidly and tie up at some distance away.

We had no means of cooking in the boat, and made a miserable meal on biscuit and cheese. Meantime the fire had got a good hold on the cypress, and we were treated to a magnificent spectacle. The trunk of the ancient giant was hollow, like the buttress, and under the furious draught the flames rushed up it with a loud roar, spouting in crimson penons from every knot-hole and throwing a red glare upon the still, dark water and sleeping forest. Bats and wild night-birds swooped above, and every now and then a great branch came crashing down into the river. We watched for an hour or more, and then all of a sudden the blazing shell collapsed and fell with a hissing roar into the depths below, throwing up a wave that washed clean over our stern.

We baled the boat out and tried to sleep, but an eighteen-foot boat is narrow quarters for four men, and to add to our miseries every mosquito and most of the sandflies in South Florida had gathered to the feast, and we had no nets to protect us. We smoked till we could smoke no more; then, covering under the sail, slept a painful, half-suffocated sleep till the first gray light of dawn, when we ate a few biscuits and started again. We passed one spot where it would have been possible to land and cook breakfast, but would not stop, so sure were we of reaching Clay Springs in time for midday dinner.

But soon we struck raft after raft of lettuce, some so thick that every yard had to be painfully cut through with a brush-hook, and midway found us still in the Wekiva Channel, with no signs of the Clay Springs Run to be seen anywhere.

We became uneasy; we began to fear that we had passed the mouth of the Run. The trees were so thick and the blind channels so frequent that this was more than possible. If we had done so the outlook was serious. We had plenty of food of a kind, but it was uncooked. You cannot eat flour, hominy, coffee and bacon without cooking them. And though there was wood enough in sight to cook for a nation, there was no ground on which to light a fire. The river was high for the time of year, and the water stretched back as far as we could see into the impenetrable swamp on either side.

The farther we went the worse the conditions became. The river was so choked with lettuce that most of our time was spent painfully chopping our way through great floating islands. The odor from the rotting masses was sickening, and the river water, which was all we had to drink, was thick and filthy.

Our surroundings were most depressing. Everywhere we beheld the gloomy cypresses rising out of a morass of mud and water, but no life except the brown water-snakes which writhed among the weeds, and the alligators and turtles that floated idly in the stagnant stream or lay on logs at the edge. No sound reached our ears save now and then the ponderous hammering of a great ivory-billed woodpecker somewhere far away in the forest.

Towards five o'clock it began to rain—a thick, fine drizzle. The sky grew rapidly dark, and we were finally forced to tie up to a log. This time we lit a small fire in our frying-pan and managed to toast a few slices of bacon, but we could not boil water to make coffee.

Another night of misery passed slowly by. Bull alligators bellowed at intervals, and twice we were wakened by the long-drawn, piercing wail of a panther somewhere in the distance. A more creepy sound I never wish to hear. But we were all tired out, and slept at last even in spite of the mosquitoes.

Morning dawned dull but fine. There was some talk among us of "trying back," but it was at last decided to keep on. We felt sure that we were now a long way past the Clay Springs Run and hoped to reach the St. John's before night. Vain hope! After hours of struggling with ever-increasing weeds we ran into a bank of slime which barred further progress. There was no need to inform one another what had happened. Somehow we had left the main stream, and, for how long none of us knew, had been working down

blind backwater! There was nothing for it but to go back.

It was nearly three before we were certain we were in the main stream again. The current was so nearly imperceptible that it was most difficult to avoid the innumerable blind channels.

By this time we were all suffering from the effects of the putrid water, and Myers was really ill. Fortunately I happened to have a bottle of Jamaica ginger with me, which proved invaluable.

A third night approached and we had not the faintest idea where we were. Just before dark we ran into a tremendous bed of lettuce. Half-way through it the boat's bow struck something solid. It was a cypress log, lying just below the weed. The boat had to be lifted over it, and the work fell to Marshall and myself. I shall never forget how supremely uncomfortable I felt as I stepped over the side and clung with my bare toes to the rounded, slimy log. We had seen scores of moccasins (poisonous water-vipers) in the weed beds. There was more than a chance of treading on one of these sluggish but deadly reptiles.

Or suppose I slipped! There was twelve feet of oily water below the log, and, once under the wood, the strongest swimmer in the world would be helpless.

It took all our strength to lift the boat and slide her over the obstruction, but it was done at last, and just as it grew pitch-dark we cleared the lettuce and floated into a wide lagoon in which bull-frogs croaked dimly and every now and then a heavy fish rose with a sounding "plop!"

Here we made another fruitless attempt to light a fire. By this time all the biscuits were gone, and we made a miserable meal of slices of bacon toasted on the embers in the frying-pan. We were very thirsty, but only dared to drink a few drops of the brown, filthy water.

The fourth morning found us much the worse for wear. Our faces were swollen out of all recognition by insect bites, and personally I had an ugly feeling of sinking weakness. But there was no use complaining—forward was the word, and we pulled on, taking fifteen-minute spells at the oars. Happily the weeds were not so thick, and our hopes rose.

Suddenly the boat emerged from the endless arches of cypress, and their place was taken by a forest of tall cabbage palmettos. The undergrowth changed, too; it was as thick as ever, but not so lofty. Wild grape-vines matted it, and a flock of birds of the starling tribe rose and winged chattering across the water.

Hurray! Here was land at last! Med. certainly, and of the blackest character, but still firm enough to bear our weight. Joyfully we pulled ashore, but the brush was like a quick-set hedge. We had to chop a foothold before we could land.

Franks was the first to leave the boat. An odd, whirring noise came from the thicket, and he sprang back hastily. Marshall snatched up a gun, and as the heavy report rolled down the silent river a five-foot diamond rattle writhed in its death agony on the mud.

"I reckon that was close enough!" was all Myers said. We were too hungry and thirsty to mind even a rattlesnake, and in five minutes a fire was crackling. Our kettle was gone, but we boiled water in the frying-pan, and I never tasted anything so good as that stiff cup of scalding, milkless coffee, strongly flavored as it was with smoke and bacon-grease.

Then we set to work to cook some limpia which we had shot the previous day. They were birds very like our moorhens and excellent eating. We devoured them half raw, and the next thing was to make bread, which we baked in our ever-useful frying-pan.

We ate every bit of the first batch hot, and then cooked some more. After that we made up the fire and, sheltered from mosquitoes by its kindly smoke, lay and slept till past midday.

We were different men when we woke, and ready for anything. We felt sure we could not now be far from the mouth of the river, so decided to push on at once. We had bread and cooked bacon for another twenty-four hours, and before that time we should certainly reach St. John's.

But our troubles were not yet over. A mile or two farther on the river split again into half a score of channels. Twice we took a wrong one and wasted hours. Night caught us in a worse place than ever, and quite unable to find ground for a fire. The longing for hot coffee drove us to build a raft of logs and try to light a fire on this. It was most tedious work, for we were now agin among cypresses, and their branches were high out of reach, so that we had to depend on floating stuff. But we persevered bravely, and at last got a tiny fire to burn. It was hardly started when, with a sudden rush, and hissing down splashed a heavy shower, wetting us to the skin and putting out the feeble blaze. Thereupon we crawled under the sail and ate dry bread and cold fried bacon.

Next morning Myers had a bad attack of ague—"chills and fever," as we call it in the South. We knew that we had to get him out of the pestilential air of the swamp or the consequences might be serious, especially as we had no quinine. We worked like Trojans, and more by luck than good management kept the main channel.

pan-fish in Florida waters. Then more bass, then a cat-fish, and next a great black, ugly, slimy mud-fish, weighing all of five pounds. In half an hour we had more than we knew what to do with; but Marshall still kept on. Suddenly he gave a yell. "Boys, here's the father of all the fish!"

Sure enough it was a monster! The stout bamboo bent double. There was no reel, so Marshall had to trust to the strength of his heavy tackle. But the brute, whatever it was, was too much for him. With a sharp crack the line snapped in the middle. What the fish was we never knew, but there are cat-fish up to thirty pounds in these waters and bass up to fifteen.

Filleted bread were already sizzling in the pan, and when we sat down to breakfast I verily believe we finished three pounds of fish apiece. Even Myers revived enough to eat a little.

Then, as in gorged contentment we lounged and pulled at our pipes, there suddenly resounded through the silent forest a deep, hoarse hoot. It was the whistle of the St. John's River steamer!

Next morning we were over at last. Next morning, after half an hour's pulling, the cat-boat glided out upon the wide bosom of the St. John's. We hoisted our sail, and by nightfall had landed safely at Sanford, the head of the South Florida Railway, where we put our weary selves and our battered boat on the train and were carried rapidly homewards through the pine-forests and orange-groves.—The Wide World Magazine.

Typewriting and Stenography

By EDWARD WILLISTON FRENTZ.

Great numbers of girls who, through lack of early advantages and education, are wholly unfitted for the work, have been tempted to learn typewriting and stenography simply as a short cut to being called "Miss Smith" or "Miss Williams" rather than "Jennie" or "Pauline."

No girl should think of learning this trade who has not had at least a thorough high-school training; and if, either in school or out of it, she has been able to give time to the special study of English composition—of grammar and rhetoric and the correct use of capitals and marks of punctuation—so much the better.

Nowadays, in the high schools in most of the larger towns one finds fairly competent instruction in typewriting and stenography; but if this is not provided, a course in some typewriting school is advisable. The tuition will cost, on an average, four dollars a week, and living expenses must be reckoned in addition. The term may be anything, from ten weeks to twenty. The more reputable schools fix no time limit, but grant a diploma or certificate whenever the pupil is able to pass the examination.

It is, of course, possible for a bright and persistent girl to learn the trade by home study and practice; but in such cases there is always danger of securing faulty habits, which later on will be found a serious handicap to speed. A good commercial typewriter should be able to write in shorthand from one hundred to one hundred and twenty words a minute and to produce about sixty words a minute on the typewriter.

Having mastered her trade, the young girl faces the difficulty of securing a position. At the start, the school where she has studied will be of assistance if its standing and reputation be good. Applications from employers are constantly coming in, and an effort is made to provide the right person for the right place.

Wages at the start are almost sure to be low. From six to eight dollars is the usual price for beginners, and unless the girl shows ability and aptitude, she is likely to remain the price. Ability and aptitude mean not merely the power to reproduce the sounds which the employer utters, but the knowledge of how to correct poor English, when to begin and when to end a sentence, where capitals should be used, and how to punctuate. It also means a grasp of business terms and unflinching accuracy.

Girls too seldom understand that a letter is a contract, for the fulfillment of which the employer may be held responsible; and that a little carelessness on the typewriter's part may cost him thousands of dollars. They really desirable positions in this trade—positions which pay fifteen, eighteen, twenty, twenty-five or even forty dollars a week—are held by girls who are much more than mere typewriters and stenographers. They are virtually private secretaries, fully cognizant of their employer's business, keeping track of his engagements, and helping him to meet the needs of the hour. Such women are in constant demand, at high salaries, because they are invaluable to any employer.

Girls who intend to follow the occupation of the typewriter and stenographer would do well to study French, German, Italian or Spanish, or all of them; for the ramifications of modern business life give special advantages to those who are competent to conduct the business correspondence of a general importing house—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The "Papaw" of the United States. The two cultivated and six wild species of eastern North America shrubs and small trees, to which the name "papaw" is commonly applied by the Americans, are species of Asimina (natural order Annonaceae) closely related to the sweet sop or sugar apple of the tropics. The two cultivated species bear attractive flowers and edible fruits. One will grow in the open in New York State. The true papaw of the tropics, Carica Papaya, is not in any way related to the above-mentioned species. It is called in the United States "melon papaw" for the sake of distinction, and grows in the open soil in South Florida; but is frequently grown in conservatories north of the frost line.—Agricultural News, Barbados.

Real estate in New York City is valued at \$5,800,532,333, according to the figures of the Assessor.

Human "Ace of Spades"

Tale of Catherine Thevenin, Who Fascinated French Court

George L. Sayer, in his indefatigable research among old mansions and old documents, has just revived one of the Apasias, of the Louis XVI. days, who, had she been gifted with as much brains as beauty, could have left absorbing memoirs of the memorable personages who made the early days of Marie Antoinette's court the mirror of mirth and levity, that captivated Edmund Burke. By laborious research through masses of police and other archives he has traced the woman who seduced the galleons of Paris ago to a little village in Burgundy. Her name was Catherine Thevenin, but she was known from Paris to Petersburg as the "Ace of Spades." ("L'As de Pique.") Just why is not explained, unless in allusion to her extraordinary fortunes. At fifteen she tired of her wooden shoes, and one fine day quit the paternal cot for adventures in Paris. She became known to the "editor" of the police department as Mlle. Dufresnoy, in 1772, journeying in demure splendor as one of the "extra danseuses" of the opera. It was fortunate, if not fame, for any ordinarily good-looking girl to be of the opera in those carnival times of gallantry. The "Ace of Spades" was mentioned by Catherine in the memoirs of the Duke of Richelieu, and that Alcibiades having confirmed the verdict by a nod and a dinner, the young woman's fortune was made. Richelieu was in his seventy-eighth year, and he was known from end to end of Europe as the most dashing gallant of the century. He not only bore one of the greatest names in the realm, was adulated by Voltaire as the hero of Majorca, where he beat the British under Admiral Byng, but still more, while his army was assaulting Port Mahon invented the "dressing" called to this day "mayonnaise."

To spite his son and heir, the profligate Duke de Fronaco, Richelieu married in his seventy-eighth year a bride of twenty. Celebrated by Voltaire and conceded every grace, accomplishment and grandeur that mortals can enjoy, the Duke, who could not sign his own name, was elected member of the Academy of the Immortals, and read an address said to have been written by his friend Voltaire. He preserved activities and prowess in competition with his younger rivals by a "treatment" which seems to have fallen into disuse when he died.

He kept on one of his domains near Paris a herd of cows, and every night he caused a calf to be slaughtered. When he retired his body was wrapped in the warm flesh of the calf, and from this astounding blood absorption he retained the vigor of youth until long past three score and ten. He was on the verge of eighty when he eclipsed all the younger gallants at the opera ball, when Marie Antoinette was present, in the masque of "Cephalus," dancing "like a boy of twenty." He bore a debt of three millions with such serenity that his creditors hadn't the heart to disturb him. Hence when this imposing personage allowed it to be known that he thought L'As de Pique pretty the golden youth of the court hastened to squander the fortunes of their families to please the Burgundian maid.

At the very time that the Count d'Artois, the King's brother, was credited with too much brotherly affection for Marie Antoinette the demure L'As de Pique. Her salon became the supreme height of fashion for the Dukes, Marquises and Princes, who, quitting the Trianon hurried to the athearean shrine. Castiglione, then in his highest flight of wonder, was seen at the Pique's Luncheon dinners where the brother of the King did the honors. One day Paris was bewildered at sight of a coach with six white horses in which sat a ravishing creature that the plain folk supposed to be the Queen, since the Queen alone had the right to ride behind six steeds. The Pique received the reverential courtesies of the people with affable smiles and only learned when the police visited her in the evening that the etiquette of the monarchy reserved that style of equipage for royalty alone. Her chief aim seems to have been to accumulate money. When the crash of her cottage of Princes came with the Revolution she showed a callous indifference to the great folk who had aided in her fortune. She was seen during the Terror with a pike in hand marching with the hardians who surrounded the guillotine, and when the Directory succeeded the Robespierre regime she became one of the personages of Barras' dissolute court. During the Empire she police lost sight of her, but in 1825 she appeared in the royal city of Fontainebleau, to the wonder of the citizens. She sold her palace in Paris to Baron Louis, the Minister of Finance, and with about a half million dollars in securities and fabulously interesting bric-a-brac, settled at 11 Rue Royal, not far from the palace of Fontainebleau.

For years she lived in this mansion, the woe, terror and despair of the town. She lived entirely alone; she did her own marketing and on such occasions would ask any stout young workman she met to aid her in carrying her basket. This was to be protected from robbers, since the whisper of her wealth was one of the standing tales of the town. Fontainebleau never forgot the day that Mme. Thevenin suddenly quit the hermit life for a few hours. Charles X., who had been Comte d'Artois, had come from Paris to hunt in the royal forest, and Catherine, engaging a suite of servants, caused her ancient barouche to be brought out with a hired team. Decked in faded splendor she joined the royal cavalcade into the forest to the inexpressible amusement of the courtiers. At a certain point in the forest the royal company massed. There were the gorgeous bodyguards, the huntmen, the dames of the court, all the splendor known to the King's court. The ancient chariot making its way through such a grand cortege elicited cries of wonder, and naturally the King was piqued at the strange spectacle. Some one whispered the stran-

ger's name in the King's ear. He turned his horse's head and dashed over to the side of the chariot. It was fifty years since he had laid eyes on the face, but he recognized the L'As de Pique. The sight horrified him; he blubbered out: "Oh, mademoiselle, how old you have grown!" He turned his horse's head and made away as if he had seen a spectre. Afterward it was said the King undertook to make amends for his display of loathing. He recommended the outbreak to the Church dignitaries at Fontainebleau, but she distrusted them, sure that they were more interested in her money than her soul. Strangers from all over the kingdom visited Fontainebleau to get a glimpse of the hag who dwelt alone in the big mansion. But she rarely showed herself. She received remittances regularly from Paris, and these, to the delight of the small boys, were conveyed on a wheelbarrow to the hermitage; that is, small sacks of gold. Even Parisian journalists as late as 1850 made the journey to Fontainebleau in order to get the ex-Aspasia to recount some of her memories of a half century before. She could have made a thrilling "copy" for she had seen the guillottings of the men and the noblesse; she had seen and probably conversed with Robespierre; she had, in fact, been part of the last days of the Monarchy, all the Revolution, all the Empire, and was still hale, if not hearty, under another Napoleon.

Many attempts were made by robbers to penetrate her fabulous treasury; only one succeeded and the booty hardly encouraged others. The hag had firearms within reach of her bed and at the fireplace where she cooked the small daily ration allowed herself. With her lawyer a Parisian chronicler obtained entry to the house. The hag, pistol in hand, opened the door and then seated herself by the filthy fireplace, nodding to the lawyer to do as he listed. There were many and large rooms, every one filled with such objects of fine art and great fortunes, even the imitations. Heaps of the most exquisite Sevres china were scattered about, some of the dishes used for the most ordinary needs. The list of the paintings and statues rivals an auction at the famous Parisian or London collectors' sales. Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, a dozen of the most valued masters were represented by canvases employed to stop the windows! There was a half ton of crystal, which alone ought to have been a small fortune. Gobelin tapestries were used as mats, cameos of some of the most celebrated statesmen and worthies of the century were hung about like so much waste paper. The woman herself was wrapped in frayed lace of wondrous fabric, but so unutterably filthy that it was difficult to get any one to handle the corpse. It was expected that the sale of priceless objects described by the chronicler in the Paris press would bring a fortune. But the public sprang from even visiting the sale. Cameos of Marshals of France, princes of the blood, scores of the great noblesse, were knocked down for sums like a dollar. The whole collection didn't bring \$6000, though single objects since have brought as high as \$50,000. The hag's body was buried decently, but her heirs from the distant Burgundy village were so ashamed of the kinswoman that they had never known that they permitted the body to be thrown into the paupers' ditch when the term that the grave was paid for expired.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FRIGATE BIRDS.

Enormous Winged Birds of the Tropical Seas.

After an interval of a quarter of a century the Zoological Gardens again possess a specimen of the frigate bird (Fregata aquila). Visitors to the gardens will notice the great spread of the wings, equal to that of a swan's, and the comparatively small body.

"It is a beautiful sight," says Professor Newton, "to watch one or more of them floating overhead against the deep blue sky, the long forked tail alternately opening and shutting like a pair of scissors and the head, which is, of course, kept to the windward, inclined from side to side, while the wings are to all appearance fixedly extended, though the breeze may be constantly varying in strength and direction."

The frigate bird is a native of tropical seas and rarely comes to land except during the breeding season. It has the habit, unusual among sea birds, of nesting in trees, large companies of them building together in the tops of the tallest mangroves. Like the cormorant and the albatross, the frigate bird lays but one egg. It lives by fishing and also by robbing other fishers of what they have caught. In plumage the frigate bird is brownish black, with metallic green and purple reflections. The dilatible throat sac in the male is of bright scarlet, while the female, of a duller hue, has a white patch on the breast.—London Globe.

America's Glided Youth.

It is the ambition of many a well-to-do father in these days to shield his son from the struggles and privations that marked his own career. The man who had to work from 5 o'clock in the morning till sundown on a farm or associate with ignorant and brutal laborers in mental callings or deny himself all the luxuries and many of the so-called necessities in order to get ahead in the world, says: "My boy must never have such a hard time as I had; his way to success must be made smooth before him by the advantages he will have over those that I had;" and he plans to make it easier for him.

Yet it is one of the most familiar facts in life that this affectionate ambition of the rich father for his boy falls of realization. Almost every newspaper that falls from the press tells the melancholy story of a rich man's son who has disappointed the hopes of his family and whose principal services to humanity has been to serve as a warning to those who come after him. We know what the glided youth with a fabulous income does with his money and himself. His patrimony and his vital forces are consumed in the mad pursuit of pleasure in some new or extravagant form.—Indianapolis Star.

Japan's Peace Program.

It is interesting to note that Japan's policy after the war is clearly indicated by next year's budget to be one of "economic and peaceful development." Harbors and rivers are to be improved, and education (particularly technical education) encouraged.—Westminster Gazette.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1837.



Over five hundred thousand people are employed in Italy in rearing silkworms.

No goods that bear trademarks in any way resembling a crescent can be landed in Turkey.

In Wisconsin a deer-hunting license holder gets two tags with his license, entitling him to shoot two deer.

After a flight of 500 miles over land and sea, a pigeon brought by Mr. J. Urban, of Tunbridge Wells, England, arrived at its old home at Cologne.

Bee-keepers in the Isle of Wight are threatened with the extinction of the industry, owing to a mysterious disease of a paralytic nature which is attacking the insects.

The cultivation of rubber is now being taught in the schools of West Africa. Every village is obliged to plant a certain number of acres in rubber trees. In the Congo State Mr. Guenther says that 12,500,000 rubber trees have been planted.

On being asked why they had not informed the court that they had come to an arrangement before their lawyers had spoken, the litigants in a peasants' dispute at Thurgovie, Switzerland, remarked that, as the lawyers would have to be paid in any case, they had allowed them to earn their fees.

It is often asserted that Paris wears out people so that they cannot reach an old age. This assertion is most emphatically contradicted by the statistics of the last census. Its figures go to show that the city alone, without the precincts, has 10,569 persons over eighty years of age, a rate considerably higher than the mean rate of France. Six hundred and twenty persons had on the day of the census passed the age of ninety, and eighty-nine were centenarians. Twenty-four had passed the age of 100, and six were more than 102 years old.

That the camera reveals much that the eye fails to discover is indicated by the case of a Chicago woman who recently sat for her photograph. On receiving the proof she took it back to the photographer and complained of a number of small spots on the face which marred an otherwise perfect picture. The photographer was at a loss to account for this, an examination of negative failing to give the slightest clue to the source of trouble. Several days later an eruption of spots broke out on the woman's face, which proved to be the first outward symptoms of a severe attack of smallpox.

ENORMOUS WINGED BIRDS OF THE TROPICAL SEAS.

Enormous Winged Birds of the Tropical Seas.

After an interval of a quarter of a century the Zoological Gardens again possess a specimen of the frigate bird (Fregata aquila). Visitors to the gardens will notice the great spread of the wings, equal to that of a swan's, and the comparatively small body.

"It is a beautiful sight," says Professor Newton, "to watch one or more of them floating overhead against the deep blue sky, the long forked tail alternately opening and shutting like a pair of scissors and the head, which is, of course, kept to the windward, inclined from side to side, while the wings are to all appearance fixedly extended, though the breeze may be constantly varying in strength and direction."

The frigate bird is a native of tropical seas and rarely comes to land except during the breeding season. It has the habit, unusual among sea birds, of nesting in trees, large companies of them building together in the tops of the tallest mangroves. Like the cormorant and the albatross, the frigate bird lays but one egg. It lives by fishing and also by robbing other fishers of what they have caught. In plumage the frigate bird is brownish black, with metallic green and purple reflections. The dilatible throat sac in the male is of bright scarlet, while the female, of a duller hue, has a white patch on the breast.—London Globe.

A Squash Story.

Here is a pretty good story told by Senator Clark, of Montana, and which certainly would qualify him as a member of the Ananas Club.

"That's a pretty big squash," remarked the Senator, while gazing on an Indian Territory specimen. "It reminds me of a squash that was to have been exhibited at one of the county fairs back home. The man that raised it was an enterprising fellow, and he had found out in some way that by feeding milk to a squash vine tremendous squashes could be raised. So he raised this one and it was a whopper. He had to drive a long way to town over rough roads and unfortunately in unloading the squash it dropped to the ground and burst. What was the owner's surprise to find that the milk which had accumulated in the squash had been churned into butter. He was a resourceful man, so he entered the butter among the dairy exhibits and took a prize with that. You can't keep some men down."—N. W. Agriculturist.

The Railway Signalman.

The railway signalman is, in fact, an unappreciated prodigy. He performs, in a necessary privacy, the kind of feat which blindfold chess players like Mr. Blackburne and lightning calculators like Jacques Issaud perform in public. He has under his sure and powerful hands the keys of life and death.—Fall Mail Magazine.